IN THE FOOTSTEPS
OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE

DK265
.42
C2
I52
1920z
p***

0 911635

In the Footprints of Robinson Crusoe

Those who recollect the last adventurous journey of Defoe's hero will appreciate the significance of the somewhat ambitious title under which I print this narrative of a similar journey which I was privileged to take in the early part of the spring of 1919. The interest which has been displayed by those who have read the diary in manuscript is to be attributed to a general interest in the little known land which I was fortunate enough to visit under exceptional conditions at a time when the posture of affairs in Siberia and Russia is of profound importance to all the nations of the world, for every development in Russia of the destructive and immoral social force known as "Bolshevism" is the occasion for its ignorant or vicious sympathizers in other countries to create new disorders.

The diary was hastily written and no one regrets more than I that it does not indicate to a greater degree the interesting phases of a titanic struggle of a great people, possessed of many attractive qualities but handicapped by that ignorance which is the natural concomitant of centuries of oppression, to attain the ideal of a governmental system which will secure to every citizen the greatest degree of individual liberty compatible with the existence of an order of society which can enable Russia to hold the position to which she is entitled among the nations of the world.

The danger is that the "intelligentsia," the educated and thinking element of the population, may be exterminated by the Bolsheviks and the world will then be confronted with the systematic brutalization of the great mass of simple people comprising no less than 175,000,000 souls and occupying one-seventh of the surface of the globe.

Siberia proper, exclusive of Russian Central Asia, covers an area of over 5,200,000 square miles, which is more than one-third greater than the area of Canada. The total population at the present time is about 14,000,000, of whom probably 2,000,000 are refugees from that part of European Russia which is in the grip of the Bolsheviki. These refugees have thronged the cities of Siberia to such an extent that it has been quite impossible for the authorities to provide even the elemental necessities of life, and they fall easy victims to typhus and similar diseases.

The baldest outline of the Siberian situation must be given in order that references in the diary may be understood. When, in November, 1917, the Bolsheviki swept from power the inept and vacillating Kerensky, such was the general disorganization among the patriotic elements of the country that they were able to extend their sway over Siberia to the Pacific at Vladivostok. That Siberia was the first considerable portion of Russia to be freed is due to the Czecho-Slovak Volunteer Army formed from former conscripts of the Austrian Army who voluntarily surrendered to their fellow Slavs, the Russians, and then, in organized contingents, assisted in the struggle against the Central Powers in the hope of achieving the independence of their beloved Bohemia, long crushed beneath the Hapsburg yoke. When the Bolsheviki signed the disgraceful peace of Brest-Livotsk the Czecho-Slovaks (Czechs) were left in a very dangerous position. As "deserters" from the Austrian Armies they were liable to punishment of death if captured, while the Russian aid which had hitherto armed and supported them was withdrawn. After prolonged negotiations, it was arranged that the Czechs, who numbered about 86,000, with a limited quantity of arms and ammunition, should be moved over the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok and there embark for service in France, the French Government having agreed to become responsible for their equipment and maintenance. Some of the Czechs reached Vladivostok and awaited transport there; the balance of the force was distributed in scattered echelons moving east along the railway between the Urals and Lake Baikal when suddenly the Bolsheviki, instigated by Mirbach, German Ambassador at Moscow, made the demand that the Czechs should entirely disarm and, to enforce their demand, treacherously attacked a party of Czechs detraining at the railway station at Irkutsk. The result was that the Czechs within the space of three months, in the course of a series of magnificent and gallant actions the story of which is but too little known, cleared the "Reds" out of Siberia, crossed the Urals and reached the valley of the Volga.

This development, as well as the shortage of transport, decided the Supreme War Council at Versailles that the attempt should be made to support the Czechs by an Allied detachment which would co-operate in establishing an Eastern Front against the Germans. After tortuous negotiations, it was determined that Japan, the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy would send contingents, the British representation consisting of a Canadian brigade, of which one battalion of infantry would be Imperial troops. The Japanese were the first to act and their troops did excellent work in "mopping up" the country east of Lake Baikal and clearing the railway. Owing to misunderstandings and local differences and delays, none of the Allies had any Forces actually at the Front when the armistice was signed and the "raison d'etre" of the expedition was removed. None of the Allied Powers had any declared and definite policy in the light of this development, and all the winter the leaders of the different detachments in Siberia were left largely without instructions and guidance. Any concerted and vigorous action was, therefore, impossible, and the winter was passed in inevitable differences and trivial disputes between the Allied commands and with the Russian authorities.

Meanwhile Great Britain had sent, in addition to the Canadian Brigade, Military Mission at the head of which is Major-General Sir Alfred Knox, K.C.B., former Military Attache of the Embassy at Petrograd, a most vigorous and capable man, "persona grata" with the Russians.

When the Czechs had cleared the Bolshevik from Siberia in the early summer of 1918, there was formed at Ufa the "Directorate of Five," a coalition all-Russian government in which the Socialists or Radicals were predominant. A government of a similar complexion was organized at Omsk to administer Siberia, the understanding being that the "Directorate of Five" would deal with international affairs and matters pertaining to all Russia. Eventually the "Directorate of Five" moved its headquarters also to Omsk where a beginning had been made in the formation of a Russian Army to fight the Bolsheviks. The Czechs, not unnaturally, concluded that their reason for direct action ceased when the armistice was signed, a condition of which was the recognition of their country Bohemia (Czecho-Slovania) as an independent state. But there was no Russian army available to take the field and, at the request of the Allies, the Czechs consented to hold the front until such time as arrangements could be made for their relief.

Just at this time (November 19, 1918) Admiral Kolchak, the Minister of War in the Omsk Government, executed a "coup d'etat," overthrew the "Directorate of Five" and the former Omsk Government on the grounds that he had discovered proof of their disloyal trafficings with the Bolsheviki and their neglect of the paramount duty of organizing an effective fighting force to establish a free Russia. Kolchak deported the leaders of the governments and assumed the powers of a dictator with the title of Supreme Ruler.

This caused discussion and dissensions not only among the Siberian population but also among the Allies, Great Britain and France being regarded as more or less sympathetic to Kolchak while Japan and the United States were inclined to be adverse. Thus, while Great Britain and France provided large supplies of equipment and munitions for the Siberian Armies under the supervision of General Knox, the help from Japan and America, until the month of May at least, was negligible. The Czechs withdrew from the Front in January and February and their places were filled by the raw levies of Kolchak, who, after some striking successes in March and April, have recently (July and August, 1919) been forced to retire almost to Omsk, abandoning the rich industrial district of the Urals and the populous cities of Perm, Ekaterinburg, Nijni Tagil, Kungar, Ufa, Slatoust and Cheliabinsk to the ravages of the Red Guards.

Whether Kolchak's Government will be able to withstand the shock of these disasters will soon be known, but, if it falls and the country relapses into the barbarism from which it was so gallantly rescued by the Czechs, no small measure of guilt will attach to those idealistic leaders of the Allies who, bent on pursuing illusory ideals of democracy, refused to extend any material aid to Admiral Kolchak who, while perhaps in what he regarded as a time of peril for the state resorted to somewhat arbitrary measures, yet is universally recognized even by his political opponents as a man of high character and great ability actuated only by a zeal for what he considers to be the welfare of his native land.

1919

March 11.—To-day at noon left Vladivostok on General Knox's train for the West. The train consists of several wagons of stores, a third-class coach fitted up for the guard, a coach fitted up for officers, a dining car, a corridor drawing-

room car and, finally, the General's personal car. My quarters are in the corridor drawing-room car. Sergt. Labatt, who is going to Omsk, shares the double compartment, one part of which is fitted up as an office. The sleeping compartment has a lower and an upper berth. The berths are considerably longer than the ordinary Pullman car berths and are very comfortable. The compartment is very finely furnished and fitted up with tables, shelves, chairs, etc. It is a matter of some amusement to us to observe that we have one of the [illegible] compartments on the train and have in our car no officers of a rank lower than that of Major. Our meals we get in the guards' car and the food is both good and abundant. A Russian chef is employed and the food is cooked "a la Russe." Our allowance is twenty roubles a day for messing. We are charged fifteen roubles a day for meals and have the additional five roubles for extras. All these are merely details as to accommodation which may have some interest to you, though they could scarcely be countenanced in a more dignified narrative. By the way, I omitted to mention that the train is equipped throughout with electric lights and in our car there is a shower-bath.

After leaving Vladivostok, there was little of special interest until at 6 p.m. we reached Nikolsk-Ussuriski, a large and well built town boasting electric lights. Already we notice that it is colder and there is much more snow apparent than at Vladivostok. Nikolsk-Ussuriski is the junction of the northern line of the Trans-Siberian system which runs north through the Amur River Valley to Habarovsk and then west, and the southern route, which we are taking, the Chinese Eastern Railway through Manchuria.

March 12.—Owing to train delays, it was only this morning that we crossed the Manchurian frontier and found ourselves in the Chinese Empire, or rather the Chinese Republic. The railway line is guarded by detachments of Chinese troops who wear a light grey uniform generally pretty dirty and badly creased, and who are more or less, chiefly less, soldierly in bearing. The ground is almost everywhere covered with snow and the country through which we are passing is unattractive, hills and rocks with here and there a little cultivation in the valleys. Such peasant homes as we passed were generally built of mud, but the surroundings were less untidy than might be imagined. Our train stops at frequent and very irregular intervals giving us a much appreciated chance of exercise. We are interested in watching the "fueling" of our engines which are mainly wood-burners. The tender has to be replenished from the piles of wood ready at certain stations. The station buildings are all surprisingly good. I cannot say as much for the equipment of such ordinary trains as we have seen. They consist of a string of box cars and each car is filled literally to the roof. In some instances a concession in respect of ventilation has been made by the cutting of a small hole about a foot square on each side from which you may see a Chinese head protruding at intervals.

This morning I had my first interview with my immediate chief, Major Cameron, and from what he tells me I am going to have an exceptional opportunity of seeing Siberia. Although I am the only clerk on the train available for the British Mission work (Sergt. Labatt being Clerk to Col. Brook, A.A. and Q.M.G. of the Canadian Expeditionary Force) I do not think my duties will be arduous though they give promise of being interesting.

In my recital of the domestic arrangements I omitted to remark that we have breakfast at 8, lunch at 1, tea at 5, and dinner at 8.

March 13.—When we wakened we were in Harbin, the commercial metropolis of Manchuria and a city which I have seen described in books as "the toughest town on earth." Of the accuracy of this description I could not judge because I could not find time to leave the train. It is a larger city than Vladivostok and I understand everything is much cheaper. It is a very important centre of trade as here converge the line from Vladivostok and the lines from the southern Chinese centres. Coolie labour is abundant and cheap. The "droshkies" and the "rickshaws" are in competition, and the city itself is a combination of China and Russia.

We left Harbin at 12 noon and all afternoon have been speeding (pardon me, on the Chinese Eastern one does not speed) over the great Manchurian plain. A dozen times I have looked out of the window and thought of Saskatchewan, for it is prairie pure and simple. The soil is that rich, black earth so characteristic of the Red River Valley and there is not a tree to be seen. Everywhere there are great mountains of grain awaiting shipment; apparently last year's harvest has not been moved and it is piled along the right of way.

About 5 p.m. we reached Anda, a large Manchurian town. The towns seem to be built about a mile distant from the stations. Why I do not know, but my theory is that speculators must have bought the townsites along the line and that the Manchus refused to "be bled." The houses seem to be long, low structures capable of accommodating several families, and occasionally we see the compounds which one associates with China. At Anda we were offered cooked fowls at 5 roubles each, but I observed that they were cooked with their heads on, and, no doubt, with their internal organs intact, and I was not tempted.

March 14.—Not a great deal to record to-day. During the morning we travelled through a bare country with hills, somewhat resembling the Medicine Hat district. Villages are very few and such as there are populated, apparently, with railway workers. There is very little cultivated land. During the afternoon we passed a mountain chain and, being on higher levels, the ground was covered with snow. Following the descent our way was through another belt of prairie thinly populated.

March 15.—We passed Manchuria Station in the early morning and so we are again in Russia. The country is rolling with considerable stretches of prairie. The ground is nearly everywhere covered with snow although the horses, cattle and sheep are grazing in the open. More surprising still we occasionally pass herds of camels, evidently from the Gobi Desert of Mongolia which lies to the south of the railway. It is interesting to see the camels domesticated; a few minutes ago I saw a string of about twenty, each of them pulling a load of hay. At another place we saw a shepherd mounted on a camel as he tended his sheep, a picture which I associated more with the burning sands of Arabia than with bleak Siberia. The stations are few and the settlements small. The line is protected by Japanese troops and recently, in the western section, by Czecho-Slovaks also. At one station, Olovyanna, we spent a little time and were interested to see the row of peasant women on the station platform selling bread and milk to travellers. Just before reaching Olovyanna, we crossed the river Onon on a huge bridge and one that has a history. During the Czech retreat eastward, General Gaida had one mighty span blown up in order to impede the Bolsheviks; when, in course of events, the Bolsheviks were fleeing westward, they blew up another span to prevent pursuit by the Czechs. The Czechs constructed a pontoon bridge which, until very lately, has been in use. Now, however, the broken spans have been replaced by great wooden trestles of immense height and our train passed over the reconstructed bridge.

At the stations to-day we saw many Mongolians, in physique superior to most Chinamen, wearing a picturesque costume. The men wear thick, colored garments drawn in by a cord or belt at the waist and trimmed with white wool at the sleeves. They wear a sort of "parka" or hood, lined and edged with white wool and having a sharp peak at the rear from which may descend fancy cords somewhat in the nature of a tassel. One rotund old chap to-day, whose costume was entirely red save for the white wool edgings of the sleeves and hood, might, without the slightest change, have admirably impersonated Santa Claus at a Sunday School Christmas Tree.

March 16.—We had expected a stay of several hours at Chita which we reached this morning about one o'clock but the train remained only an hour. Consequently I have nothing to report concerning the beauties of the city of Chita. However, as all our Russian friends assure us that Chita is "nyet harrishaw" (the spelling of that always useful word "harrishaw" is entirely phonetical) I do not expect we missed a great deal.

All day we have been in a country which, in our Canadian eyes, had a strong resemblance to the Ottawa Valley: in the distance a range of purple mountains reminding us of the Laurentians. The weather has been delightfully clear and mild, though the ground is fairly well covered with snow. The towns we passed were few in number, most of them existing obviously because of railway divisional points and having uniform houses for railway employees, such as the C.P.R. have at Cartier and similar places. Most of the houses, indeed all, are constructed of logs sometimes hewn and sometimes rough, and of course unpainted. We now see few Mongolians or Chinese, the population is Russian. We had a new member at mess this morning, a soldier of the 17th Bengal Lancers, who boarded the train at Chita and is on his way to Omsk. As he spent more than three years at the front in France he speaks a little French and a little Russian. At the same table we have two Russians who speak only their own language, so our conversation is in

English, Russian, French and a little Indian, but chiefly gesticulation. I do not think I mentioned—perhaps I did—that until we left Manchuria our engines were combined wood and coal burners and it was very amusing to see the train held up while some coolies took wood from a pile at the side of the track and pitched it up to the fireman.

This evening our train stopped for an hour while the General visited some extensive coal mines along the railway, which were recovered from the Bolsheviks only two weeks ago and which are again in operation. The coal is found only 60 feet from the surface so, instead of sinking shafts, the operators simply remove the top soil. I began to imagine that this might be one of the mines to which political exiles were banished in the days of the Romanovs and so one of the breeding places of revolution until I found that it had been in operation only three years.

Have I mentioned that at each stop the train is guarded by a sentry with fixed bayonet which he does not hesitate to use should any unauthorized person attempt to board it? This is especially necessary on the way east because, as passenger trains have practically ceased to run, many people are desperately eager to reach Harbin or Vladivostok or some other of the large towns.

Our next big stop is Irkutsk which we shall probably reach to-morrow. I am afraid we are likely to miss the famous scenery around Lake Baikal as we will probably go by in the night.

March 17.—Another bright day. As it happend we did not pass Lake Baikal at night and, during all this morning, we have been enjoying the scenery which, while perhaps not as majestic as that of the Canadian Rockies, is nevertheless remarkably fine. The Lake, which is one of the largest in the world, is surrounded on all sides by mountains and the railway runs along the side of this mountain chain, clinging as it were to the precipitous sides of the mountains and burrowing its way through innumerable tunnels and rock cuttings. There are, it is said, between 150 and 200 tunnels, most of which we passed through in the night, but I counted 39 tunnels in the two-hour run after we left Sluiadenkia (pronounced "Slewdanka), a most attractive little place on the shore of the lake and having snow-capped peaks on every side. At Sluiadenkia we stayed about half an hour and had a conversation with a twelve-year-old Russian boy who spoke a little French which, he explained, he learned from a book. Just west of Sluiadenkia, we saw what was, apparently, a church on wheels, a railway carriage with the usual Greek cross and an array of bells, and, through the windows, I could discern an altar and a reading desk. Have I mentioned that nearly all the railway waiting rooms have a shrine, the chief feature of which is an ikon, a large holy picture, before which the devout traveller may burn a candle, I presume in the hope of a safe and profitable journey? Every Russian edifice I have been in—cafe, store, office, residence or station—has its ikon usually fastened in a corner of the room near the ceiling.

I have made so many comparisons with Canada that I scarcely like to venture on another, but the scenery about Lake Baikal reminded me of the best "bits" on the north shore of Lake Superior, except that the hills are covered with snow. At present the lake is frozen over. After leaving Baikal we ran through the valley of the Angara River to Irkutsk, one of the largest and most important cities of Siberia, which we reached at 3.20 p.m. The city is built on the opposite side of the broad river from the railway station and, in winter, one crosses the ice. In summer communication is by means of a pontoon bridge. So, for a certain period, in the fall and spring when the ice is forming and breaking up, the city is shut off from the railway. It was at Irkutsk that there occurred less than a year ago the first attack of the Bolsheviks on the Czechs. The Czechs, as you know, were Austrian prisoners of war of the Slavonic race who had willingly surrendered themselves to the Russians and formed themselves into detachments and fought bravely in the Russian ranks. After the Bolshevik coup d'etat and the treaty of peace signed at Brest-Livotsk, the Czechs determined to withdraw to Vladivostok where they were to embark for France. At the instigation of the German Ambassador at Moscow, the Bolsheviks determined to prevent their leaving with arms and so as some Czechs detrained at Irkutsk station, the Bolsheviks fired on them with machine guns concealed in the station and killed 60. Within an hour the Czechs had captured the station and most of the city and, instead of going to France, they proceeded to sweep the Bolsheviks from Siberia.

Good news in the papers to-day as I understand Ufa has been recaptured from the Bolsheviks. This will greatly encourage the new Russian Army.

More of Irkutsk to-morrow, I hope.

March 18.—Weather, as usual in Siberia, delightfully clear. At 10.30, accompanied by Sergt. Labatt, set out to see Irkutsk. We crossed to the city on the ice, stopping for a minute to observe some women washing clothes through a hole in the ice, apparently quite happy in spite of the bitter cold. On reaching the northern bank, the first building on the right was a large white structure evidently used for official purposes. The white walls of this building were pitted like a pockmarked face and, on enquiring, we found that our surmise was correct and that the marks were made by the bullets of the Czechs when driving the Bolsheviks from the city. Near by there was a pleasant little park at the river's edge, the central feature of which was a remarkably fine monument to the Emperor Alexander III. The Bolsheviks must have overlooked this, because it was not defaced or mutilated. One of their first actions when they gain control of a city is to deface monuments, removing all crowns and Imperial insignia. We asked two Czechs some questions but as our only common tongue was Russian—and very little of that—before we quite realized the situation, we were taken to the Czecho-Slovak Consulate, led through an ante-room filled with Czech officers who very politely stood at attention, and ushered into the presence of the Consul himself, who, in French, asked our wishes. My French is very weak at the best and it all seemed to escape me at this moment especially, but I managed to explain that we had not intended to bother him but that two of his soldiers had misunderstood our inquiries for the British Consulate and that our only wish was to see the shops and interesting buildings in Irkutsk. The Consul (a major in the Czech Army and Professor of the University of Prague, Joseph Blahoz) was kind enough to say that he would give us a Czech soldier to escort us through the city. It turned out that our cicerone was Private Ernest Koubichka, a graduate of the Sorbonne in Paris and Professor of French in the University of Prague. He speaks French, German, Russian and Czech perfectly, but English he taught himself while in captivity following his capture by the Russians in 1914. With Koubichka we made a circuit of the town.

Irkutsk is located very picturesquely at the junction of the Irkut and Kuda Rivers with the Angara. From the heights north of the town, General Gaida, in July last, led the Czech forces when they routed the Bolsheviks. We saw the prison, which in the time of the Czar was used for "political prisoners," now occupied by about 1,000 Bolsheviks and 1,000 other convicts. The buildings in Irkutsk are, on the main street, very good but, as in all Siberian towns, the side streets are poor, many of the houses being built of logs. The churches, however, are remarkably fine and Irkutsk is certainly "the city of churches." There must be a score of large churches of the orthodox faith. The churches are nearly all built of white brick or white plaster and, as they glisten in the sunlight, they are most impressive. From one point, we could see down the river several monasteries beautifully white under the bright sun and making a delightful picture. The roofs of the churches and monasteries are green with mosque-like towers and the effect is very fine. The Cathedral, a massive pile, was not open so we did not have the opportunity of inspecting it. Even the Cathedral was chipped and defaced with rifle bullets. Irkutsk is the religious and educational centre for Siberia and there are very large seminaries, colleges and so forth. We saw also a large orphanage, the first philanthropic institution, with the exception of hospitals, which I have seen in Russia. There is a very large and handsome theatre. It was impossible to secure tickets but we were told that the stock company was exceptionally good, consisting of leading actors of European Russia now refugees. There are numerous motion picture shows and I was especially interested to see on one bill-board "The Fearless Film Feature Star—Helen Holmes" in the 13th episode of some serial picture. We visited the bazaar, even more crowded and, in some respects, more dirty than that of Vladivostok. Such stalls as there were were built of wood, one thickness of boards, but most of the goods were sold from tables in the open or even from baskets on the ground. In spite of alarming reports at Vladivostok of an absolute lack of goods "up the line" there seemed to be quite a variety of merchandise, although the prices, for Russia, were extremely high. We saw several lines of people waiting at certain shops and were told that there bread was distributed at very low prices to the poor, a sort of "soup kitchen." We had lunch at quite a nice café, boasting an orchestra, and the price (6 roubles 50 kopecks) was less than for a similar meal in Vladivostok. We had "bourse" (a Russian

soup in which meat is placed as well as vegetables with a peculiar sauce), and game (rapchick) with rice. For dessert we had ice-cream, but that was an extra. The ice-cream was the first I have seen in Russia and I did not grudge the somewhat extraordinary charge of five roubles (50 cents) a portion. In the afternoon, we bought a few, very few, picture postcards as the cost was 2 roubles 50 kopecks each. We continually saw traces of the Bolshevik occupation, for instance a little park in which one fine morning they murdered thirty Russian officers; buildings defaced with bullet marks; ~~grewsome~~ postcards showing heaps of dead, etc. On a hill overlooking the river we saw immense barracks in course of construction, designed to accommodate a whole army corps, 50,000 men. There are large brick-works in this section and most of the important buildings, except some of the churches, are of red brick. Irkutsk is the most Russian place I have yet been in as the foreign population of Vladivostok makes it a very cosmopolitan city. In Irkutsk there are, of course, large numbers of Chinese and Mongolians, but the vast majority of the people are Russians. Did I mention that we had soldier Koubichka to tea and that Labatt returned with him to the city to visit a "movie" while I remained on duty?

March 19.—All this morning I have been occupied in handling and opening Red Cross boxes, and a distribution to Russian soldiers took place about noon, each man receiving a suit of pyjamas (to be used as underwear), a towel, a pair of socks, a shirt and a handkerchief. The regiments which participated were the Za Baikal, Irkutsk and Verkheudinsk Cossacks, and the Siberian Cadie Regiment One battalion had a band and at the conclusion of the distribution, the regiment was inspected by General Knox who addressed them briefly in Russian. The British and Russian National Anthems were played by the band and cheers were given for General Knox and Great Britain. It is of interest to note that the supplies were Canadian Red Cross supplies and that more than one-third of them were marked "From Winnipeg." I had several Cossacks detailed to assist my fatigue party in lifting boxes and one of them gave me accidentally a biff in the eye which, had I not dodged in time, might have made me the first casualty of the C.E.F. (Siberia), or should it be B.M.M.? There was a little snow in the afternoon and it has become decidedly colder.

March 20.—We left Irkutsk shortly after midnight and by to-night reached the Tomsk Goobernia, so we are now in Western Siberia, the most fertile part of Siberia. Seventy per cent. of the population live in Western Siberia in the Goobernias of Tomsk and Tobolsk and the Districts of Akmolinsk and Semipalatinsk. The part of the country we are now traversing is politically the least tranquil of any section of the railway. The Czechs are in force guarding the railway from Irkutsk west. At Zima this morning we crossed the Oka River. At Zima station we passed a British ammunition train which left Vladivostok on March 3rd bound for Omsk. At 5 p.m. we passed through Nijnheudinsk, a large town and an important railway centre, otherwise without interest. The country through which we have been travelling is rolling and wooded, a range of mountains to the south. The trees are chiefly spruce or tamarac and pine with quite an amount of white birch. Our train is now equipped with very powerful coal-burning engines in some parts of the line, two engines—so we have been making excellent time, averaging, I should judge, 45 versts an hour. We are at this moment 6.30 passing a Siberian village located in a valley far below the level of the railway. As it lies there so peacefully, not a sign of life about the unpainted log hats, the crudity of whose lines is softened by a setting sun, I dubbed it "Sleepy Hollow." In these parts the snow is still fairly deep.

March 21.—Another bright and mild day. Although Bolsheviks are reported to be in the district through which we travelled to-day, the country seemed peaceful enough. All we saw was an occasional village and now and then a peasant driving a sleigh taking his produce to market. In the night, however, as a measure of precaution, the electric lights were turned off and some of the Russian officials seemed a little nervous. This morning we passed a station where a massive Czech armoured car was drawn up on a siding. The car had 8 Lewis machine guns and one 18-pounder and was a formidable looking moving fortress. Just before noon we crossed the Yeniseisk River, one of the most important rivers of Siberia, flowing into the Arctic Ocean. Exactly at twelve noon our train pulled into the station at Krasnoyarsk. Here the General was received by an imposing array of dignitaries and by a guard of honour composed of three detachments, on the right Czechs, in the centre Italians, on the left British. During the

inspection of the guard and the march past afterwards, the Czech band played stirring airs. The big drum was conveniently placed on a sleigh hauled by a donkey. After lunch I helped in the unloading of 73 cases of Canadian Red Cross supplies, pyjamas, shirts, socks, towels, dressing gowns, handkerchiefs, jam, etc., for the hospital here, and, following this, started out to explore the City of Krasnoyarsk. It is quite a large place and covers an extensive area. I confined my peregrinations to the main street—"bolshoy ooletsah"—which, as in most Siberian towns, has some surprisingly fine buildings. I visited the Cathedral, an imposing edifice of pink "plaster," but it is evidently quite new as the altar and the whole interior were ablaze with garish gilt decorations. In this church I saw the first pulpit which I have noticed in a Greek Church. I then visited the bazaar which, as usual, I found very interesting. This bazaar differs from those I saw at Vladivostok and Irkutsk in the large number of peasant women who were selling farm products from their sleighs. They were selling curdled cream, cheese, potatoes, parsnips, carrots and pickled cabbage. I priced the potatoes and, for a small can, containing, I should judge, a peck, the charge was 4 roubles (40 cents). Krasnoyarsk has several fine theatres and motion picture houses. I visited one of the former and found the auditorium, evidently also used for dances, to be handsomely decorated and in excellent taste, pure white throughout, somewhat resembling the ball-room of the Royal Alexandra. I looked at another church, this one evidently an older structure with decorations more subdued or mellowed by age. Some sort of service was in progress, or it may have been confession. The worshippers passed, one by one, behind a screen where the priest appeared to read to them from some book after which they devoutly knelt and kissed an ikon. I presume this was a Saint's Day and that the reading was the story of the Holy Man. There are several parks and open squares in Krasnoyarsk. This is a matter which does not seem to have been neglected in Siberian cities as most of them have many open spaces. On my way back to the train, I had a glass of coffee with whipped cream, cakes, etc., in an up-to-date restaurant and the charge was comparatively reasonable (5 roubles 50 kopecks).

I met a detachment of the new Siberian Army, I should think about 100 strong, marching and singing lustily. They made quite a good appearance. There are at Krasnoyarsk, in addition to the Russian troops, about 3,000 Czechs, 1,500 Italians and some 200 British. The Italian and British troops are quartered in the same building and relations between them are very good. The troops frequently "stand to" at night in expectation of a Bolshevik attack but nothing has yet materialized. Though Krasnoyarsk is supposed to be the fur-trading centre of Siberia and one of the leading fur markets of the world, I saw very few skins offered for sale and none of special quality. I had a very fine Russian steam bath and then spent the evening in my office. The Allied troops, except guards, are confined to barracks after 8 p.m. and it is not healthy for Allied soldiers to go about unarmed, especially at night.

March 22.—We left Krasnoyarsk at 5 a.m. Found the weather to-day much colder and there is plenty of snow. The only interesting stop of the day was at Achinsk, where we remained an hour. 10,000 cigarettes and 120 officers' presents were given to the Russian Commandant. The railway is garrisoned by Czechs. Bolshevik raiding parties are not infrequent but a party of Cossacks is now operating and it is expected the Bolsheviks will soon be rounded up. At Achinsk we saw an elaborate armoured train with another car in course of construction. The basis of the car was a heavy American type steel coal car. The steel sheeting is reinforced by sand or gravel about 12 inches or 15 inches deep. The engine was protected by steel sheets along the sides and over the wheels. At 9 p.m. we arrived at Taiga, one of the largest stations on the line. It is here that the spur runs north to the important city of Tomsk. I looked at the station, an immense building and filled with the usual motley crowd of soldiers and tired-looking refugees.

March 23.—At 8.30 a.m. we arrived at Novo Nikolaevsk and remained until 11.20 p.m. Novo Nikolaevsk is a large city (70,000 or 80,000, I should think) and is located on the Obi River. From here a line of steamers runs up the Obi to the Arctic Ocean and some Siberians have formed great hopes that ultimately Siberian products will be transported to the world's markets via the Obi, a sort of Hudson's Bay Railway dream. This morning two of the men from the train, Sergt. Labatt being one, went out to see the sights and, after an hour-and-a-half's absence, returned with the report that this was quite a small place, almost a vil-

lage. This was puzzling, until it was discovered that the city is three versts from the station and what these men had visited was only the small community surrounding the station, and had missed the city altogether. After lunch we set out in an isvosehik and drove to the city. It is very similar to Krasnoyarsk in the class of buildings, but, as the snow here is still three feet deep on the level, it is cleaner just now, though we noticed the city dump and manure heap quite in the centre of the city. As usual the chief buildings were the churches and theatres. We entered one quite dazzling church, octagonal in shape, and brilliantly white in the bright sunlight. In one corner, a christening had just taken place, while in another an elderly lady was reading in a very loud voice from some book to a small group of listeners. Whether this is Sunday School in Novo Nikolaevsk I do not know. We inspected from a distance the bewildering city of barracks on a hill overlooking the town. I counted 20 immense brick barrack buildings and it impressed me with what force the old Government must have upheld its decrees. In every city of Siberia there are these huge barracks, some of which come in useful now during the mobilization of the Siberian Army. We saw several cavalry detachments riding through the streets. The Allied troops here are Czechs and Poles. At Novo Nikolaevsk is one of the largest prison camps in Siberia, more than 17,000 German and Austrian prisoners of war still being confined there. By the way, this was tag day in Novo Nikolaevsk—we fondly thought we had left such things behind in the civilized side of the globe. The funds were for the Russian prisoners of war who are still being repatriated from Germany. I am afraid the result was not remarkably good as few tags were worn. We had tea and cakes in a café. The cakes were very indifferent in quality, no doubt on account of the scarcity of sugar. On our way back to the station (the platform of which, by the way, has been thronged with people all day though I have not seen a train arrive or leave) we saw the fine Commercial School. General Knox was walking a short distince in front of us and it amused us to see Russian soldier after Russian soldier ignore the General (who, evidently, has not enough gold braid to impress the Russian masses) and then most punctiliously salute the two Canadian sergeants. We now expect to reach Omsk on Tuesday, which will be a journey of exactly two weeks.

March 24.—Very cold but delightfully bright. An uneventful day's run through a prairie country, no important stops. The snow is very deep and banked against the sides of the low mud cottages; it reaches well nigh to the roofs—more like the Siberia of our North American imagination.

March 25.—At 6.15 this morning we reached the main station of Omsk and at 8.15 arrived at the small station in the centre of the city, having crossed the Irtish River. And here ends the journey for the present. The personnel of the party will now be changed. My companion, Labatt, leaves the train to take up his duties in the Canadian H.Q. at Omsk, though he finds that orders are already here for the Canadians to return to Vladivostok, no doubt preparatory to sailing for home. Others on the train scatter to various points. Present plans are that I remain on board and make the trip—whisper it not in Gath, tell it not in the streets of Ascalon—into, at least a little way, European Russia. But that will have to be told in a supplementary chapter.

March 30.—Since our arrival in Omsk on Tue[illegible] morning I have been kept so busy that I have scarcely left the train; consequ[illegible] I cannot give any extended "impressions" of Omsk. The siding upon which the train has been placed is at the small or "up-town" station of Omsk, from which trains run every half-hour or so to the large station on the main line across the Irtish River. Near the small station is the barracks which has been occupied by the Middlesex Battalion and by the small party of Canadians. It is quite a large building but poorly lighted and rather cheerless. Almost opposite is an immense white brick building, the offices of the "Stavka" (Russian General Staff). The main street of Omsk is on the other side of the railway tracks. It is quite wide and has many very fine buildings, some of them huge. Of course there are the usual low log shanties and dirty huts. Near the bridge over the Irtish River is the Government Building, a long, low structure, white. This is the centre of the Kolchak Government. Not far away is the Cathedral, a beautiful church, set off, as most of them are, by the fine open spaces around it. This afternoon I had a few hours and spent some time driving about the city in a sleigh. We saw the theatre, a tremendous edifice and bearing evidences of lavish decoration, about twice as large, I should judge, as any theatre in Canada. The dwelling-houses are built of logs and some of them have

grounds but that is the exception. Most of them are close to the street line. Of course, Omsk is filled with refugees, thousands of whom, I believe, live in "dug-outs" as houses are unobtainable. I did not have time to visit the outlying districts where these "dug-outs" are to be seen and will probably do so later on as we leave to-night for the West and will perhaps spend some time here on the return trip.

March 31.—Left Omsk at 2.30 a.m. and at 10 arrived at Petropavlovsk. The typhus situation has been very serious here—indeed, I heard one officer, who visited the hospital, say that he had never seen such sights since the Indian Famine days. This afternoon I made a visit to the city which, as usual, is about 3 versts from the railway station. It resembles the other towns we have visited, but is very scattered. After I had been driven as I thought all about the city we came to the top of another hill and a larger "city" came in view. The shops appear to have no stocks, the only articles obtainable being butter, cheese, bread and other local products. There are many cheese factories, most of them owned by the all-powerful Co-operative Societies, and they all appeared to be going full blast. I had a borrowed camera with me and when we met a str[illegible] of camels I took a snapshot. These camels are brought north from the Khirghese steppes of Central Asia. The driver of my sleigh told me that he was a Khirghese and a Mussulman. There are many troops of the new Siberian Army in training and I enjoyed watching them drill on the parade ground. They appear to be first-rate and are, most of them, strong, husky young fellows.

I had a few words of appreciation this morning from the G.S.O. for my work at Omsk: he did not know how he would have done without me, etc. Before leaving Omsk, Col. Brook, the A.A. & Q.M.G. Canadians, called at my compartment to say that, when I returned to Vladivostok, if the bulk of the Canadians had gone, I should report to an officer whom he named and he (Col. B.) advised me then to "get the first 'Empress' to Canada."

April 1.—At 8.45 a.m. we arrived at Kurgan. The General was received by a very smart guard of honour. This is the headquarters of one of the divisions of Kappel's Corps, a special corps d'elite of the Russian Army in course of formation. This Corps is to be provided throughout with British uniforms and equipment and trained under the supervision of British instructors. This afternoon I visited the city which is about three versts from the railway. Kurgan is not large (10,000 to 15,000) and is a straggling Siberian town. The houses are built of logs and a few of them are quite picturesque. There seem to be brick-works in the district as most of the public buildings, except the churches, are of red brick. The business places are few and, apparently, without goods. I inspected the Cathedral, an immense building, and of quite a distinct difference in architecture from the other Russian churches I have seen. The interior, however, is, in size, disappointing, for the space is cut up in a multitude of small chapels and the church itself is not large. After leaving the Cathedral, I found my way to the market place, or square, where there were many recruits of the new army drilling, most of them as yet without uniforms. Those who have had training, however, presented a smarter appearance than the other Russian soldiers I have seen. On one side of the square was the fire-hall, a [illegible]nspicuous feature of all these Siberia[illegible] towns, an[illegible] I noticed a watchman patro[illegible]ing the tower, evidently charged with [illegible]e duty of discovering fires and giving the alarm, as he looked first to the north, then east, south and west in turn. We do not leave Kurgan until to-morrow night.

April 2.—This afternoon our train was moved 40 versts west of Kurgan to enable the General to inspect another Division billeted in villages near Yurkamish Station. I had here my first opportunity of walking through a typical Siberian village, as hitherto our stops have been only at large towns. The houses were all built of logs, but appeared to be comfortable and reasonably tidy. There were three tiny shops, all but one being closed. I visited the one which was open and, to cover my curiosity, bought 10 envelopes at 10 kopecks each. The proprietor was quite an intelligent old chap and we had—or attempted to have—a friendly chat. The stock was, naturally, very meagre, and consisted mostly of sundries, the staples, clothing, boots, etc., having evidently been sold out. I priced some fur caps and found the prices very cheap. However, they were coarse and poorly made. The only buildings of size in the village were the inevitable cheese factory, one of the big chain of co-operative factories, and some large sheds newly constructed, I assume intended for army supplies. While we were at Yurkamish,

there was on siding a train of Russian soldiers . . . d for the Front, travellin. , of course, in box-cars. One of the cars had evidently become out of order and, after a great deal of confusion, the occupants were eventuall ordered to move into another, which they did with great laughter and commotion. One big kit-bag became open and the contents were scattered in the mud. I was interested to see that, apparently, all it contained was some big loaves of black bread and what looked like dried potato peelings. Quite a number of peasants, men and women, the women weeping, were about the train, so possibly one of the detachments was from the district. At 7.30 p.m. we left for Kurgan and, after an hour there, proceeded to Chelyabinsk, leaving Kurgan at 11 p.m.

April 3.—This morning at 7.30 arrived at Chelyabinsk, a most important city, and a base of supplies for the Russian armies. The boundary line between European and Asiatic Russia is rather vague, but Chelyabinsk is generally regarded as in Europe though it is east of the Urals. There were - and are - immense railway works at Chelyabinsk, and, as we came through the yards, I saw at least 200 locomotives out of repair. Most of them were captured last December from the Bolsheviks at Perm. The station of Chelyabinsk is very large, and, on the platform, there was a guard of honour—at least 400 men—to greet the General. They made a fine appearance. A great number of telegrams were awaiting the General here, with the consequence that I was kept so busy all day that I had no time to explore the city. However, I understand there is little of exceptional interest. When I first came to Siberia in December there was a proposal of making Chelyabinsk the headquarters for the Canadian Expeditionary Force as there is ample barracks accommodation.

April 4.—We left Chelyabinsk at 2 a.m. and are now in European Russia. All day we have been running through the Ural Mountain country, a general mining and industrial district, though now, as everywhere in Russia, few of the wheels are turning. The factories and plants are huge and it is almost distressing to see so few signs of activity. The Ural country is very picturesque. The mountains are not exceptionally high but, of course, just now they are covered with snow. They are broken by pleasant valleys, and, often, a little village may be seen nestling at the feet of one of the higher peaks. The snow is very deep and there is little or no indication of spring. At 8.30 we passed through Zlatoust, a large mining centre, where we had the opportunity of purchasing precious stones at the stalls on the station platform. Here were rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, alexandrettes, aqua marines, amethysts—indeed all manner of stones, as well as ornaments skilfully worked in iron, all the products of the Urals. All these, alas! I could only admire. At 7 p.m. we reached Ufa, which only a couple of weeks ago was redeemed from the Bolshevik yoke. At the large and handsome station the General was received by a very smart guard of honour, composed of some of the troops who drove the Bolsheviks from Ufa. The British train guard was relieved by the Russians who placed five sentries around it. These Russian sentries were exceptionally well trained. Captain Steveni told me that in October last he had seen them as the rawest of raw recruits and he marvelled at their efficiency. Ufa is a very large city, 150,000 to 200,000, and is, like Vladivostok, a city of a hundred hills. The railway line follows the course of the Ufa River which runs through the valley, the town far above it. It was at Ufa last summer that the Constituent Assembly of the new Russia met and organized the Omsk Government, now headed by Admiral Kolchak. On December 31st, the Russians were forced to abandon the city to the Bolshevik forces, who, however, were driven out again a few weeks ago during the brilliant offensive of General Khangin's Western Army which is still in progress. We were advised not to leave the vicinity of the station after dark as there are many Bolsheviks still in hiding in the city and vicinity, though they are gradually being rounded up.

April 5.—This morning I accompanied Major Cameron and Colonel Clarke on a visit to the city. The main part of the town is about 3 versts from the station and presents the usual appearance of a Russian city, except that the stores which, in Siberian towns, are generally fairly well stocked, are here absolutely empty, having been looted by the Bolsheviks. We first visited the office of the Commandant of the town, a very busy place, filled with great crowds of people who had papers to be vised, etc. However, a way was made for the "Angleski officers," and we obtained from the Commandant certain information relative to an investigation of the Bolshevik outrages which it is desired to conduct. We then proceeded to the store of Alexieff Blokhin, corner of Central and Kazan Streets, to make in-

quiries concerning the murder of his cousin, Demetri Blokhin. We found Alexieff Blokhin to be a man of 27, who had, formerly, served in the Russian Navy but left when the Bolsheviks assumed control. He then served with the Czechs for a while against the Bolsheviks, and later returned to Ufa. In December, when the capture of Ufa by the Reds was imminent, he left the city and succeeded in reaching Irkutsk where he remained until a few weeks ago when, hearing that the Kolchak forces had recaptured the city, he returned, to find that his cousin, Demetri, aged only 17, had been shot by the Bolsheviks. The boy was shot only two days before the Bolsheviks left the town. The boy's mother searched for his body and finally discovered it in a ravine, with 28 other corpses, and had it brought to her home. The corpse was mutilated: there was a bullet wound in the forehead, the back of the head had evidently been cut off with a sword, there were two or three bullets in the chest and there were a number of bayonet wounds in the legs, thus proving torture before death. The other corpses in the ravine were also mutilated. It appears that the innocent boy, who had done nothing to annoy the Bolsheviks, was seized in the shop one morning and taken to the house Stepanov on Belerski Street and there executed. There was no trial or other formality. The Bolsheviks could not maintain that there was a case of mistaken identity, because the boy Demetri could not possibly be taken for his cousin Alexieff, ten years older, who had served against them, and Demetri was known to have made a long explanation of Alexieff's absence. Apparently, they wished to get Alexieff, and, finding that he was beyond their clutches, they decided they would at least have the delight of murdering some male member of his family. This story we obtained from Alexieff Blokhin, a serious and reserved man, and it was clear there was not the slightest exaggeration in his narrative. Indeed, the citizens of Ufa, dreading that the mischances of war might once again put their town in the hands of the Bolshevik, have a very natural reluctance to report these atrocities, because they know a terrible vengeance would be taken should they again fall into the power of the Reds. An appointment was made to call on Madame Blokhin on Monday morning, and we then returned to the train. At 4 p.m. we left for the West, arriving at Chishma, the headquarters of the 2nd Ufa Army Corps, at 6.30 p.m. Chishma is only a railway station and the Staff H.Q. of the Corps was located in a box-car. The railway sidings were full of armoured trains and other material captured from the Bolsheviks a few days before. The Chief of Staff stated that 38 armoured trains had been so captured. There were, I suppose, 15 or 20 in Chishma yard, as well as some machine guns and old 1-pounders. The armoured trains were improvised trains, steel coal cars with the plates reinforced by sandbags, the exteriors painted white to harmonize with the snow.

April 6.—We found that, owing to the Bolsheviks a day or two ago having attempted to blow up a bridge at Chermascanski, near the village Mikhailova, it would be impossible for the train to get through to the present firing line. However, at 8 o'clock we pushed West and about noon reached the bridge which had not been very seriously damaged. A party of Russian engineers were busily at work and there was every indication that in 24 hours the railway would again be open. We advanced to the bridge on foot and inspected it. Some of the superstructure had been torn away and one of the massive stone pillars cracked. Evidently it had been damaged before and temporary wooden supports constructed. These had been burned and are now being replaced. Meanwhile, the Russian's Western Army, under General Khangin, is some distance in front and the cutting of their line of communication is temporarily, but not seriously, embarrassing. A large pile of ammunition abandoned by the Bolsheviks was along the track, and it was interesting to discover that it was English and American ammunition supplied to the Russian Government before the Revolution, bearing dates 1915 and 1916. This bridge was in an isolated part of the line, in the middle of an extensive and uninhabited plain and the snow was drifted high. There was an extremely keen wind and the day did not suggest the 6th of April. About 2, we left again for Chishma, and, after a stop there and the distribution of presents, proceeded to Ufa, which was reached at 9.30 p.m. Again General Knox had to inspect a guard of honour and again the Russians undertook to guard his train, relieving the English troops. Have I mentioned that the guard of the Middlesex Regiment which accompanied us from Vladivostok was changed at Omsk, and a guard of the Hampshires taken on?

April 7.—This was an extremely interesting day. At 9 o'clock I accompanied Major Cameron and Captain Cazalet on a tour of the city to investigate further stories of atrocities. We first visited Madame Blokhin, the mother of Alexieff

Blokhin, and the aunt of the murdered boy, Demetri. Madame Blokhin had a flat in a large building on Kazan Street, and her home was very large and bore every evidence of having been handsomely, even luxuriously furnished. The large drawing room, however, was scantily furnished because, as she explained, the Bolsheviks had removed most of her furniture and personal effects. Her best diamond ring she had saved by keeping it in her mouth. As an instance of their methods of confiscation, she told of a cherished heirloom of her family, an ancient and valuable piece of china, which they insisted on taking, in spite of her entreaties. Finally, one of the daughters said that if they insisted on taking it, she would wrap it in paper in order that it might not be broken. Whereupon one of the Bolsheviks said, with a sneer, "What good is a thing like that to us?" and deliberately threw it on the floor and smashed it. One of the daughters is a dentist and, when a Bolshevik official insisted on her treating his teeth—free, of course—she managed, she said, to make him suffer a bit. Madame Blokhin confirmed the story of her son concerning Demetri Blokhin and mentioned various other cases. The mother of Demetri was prostrated after her terrible experience in finding her boy's body, and Major Cameron did not feel that he could question her.

We then visited the office of the Town Commandant, located in the premises of the Siberian Bank. This office was occupied by the Red Guard Provost Marshal during the Bolshevik occupation, and here many savage executions took place. First we were taken upstairs to a small room and shown two bullet holes in the wall. About a foot from these holes was a red patch to which particles were sticking. The occupants of the room told us that, when they moved in after the Bolsheviks had left, the remains of human brains were spattered over this wall, and these were some particles which could not be removed. We then visited the strong room or vault of the Bank which had been used by the Bolsheviks as a torture chamber. The door-keeper (or as we would say, janitor) who had been at the place during the whole period of the Bolshevik occupation, stated that, even through the thick walls of the vault, the cries of the victims were constantly heard. He, himself on one occasion, saw the body of an officer with three nails driven right down through the stars on his shoulder straps. There were also bullet marks on the walls on the vault.

The next place visited was the place of execution. This was an alley in the courtyard between a wall and a wooden shed, and at the end of the alley many people were shot. There were a great many bullet holes in the brick wall at the end of the alley, and the old door-keeper said that roughly about 600 people had been executed at this place. These executions, or rather murders, were always carried out at night and the Bolsheviks removed the bodies.

We were then permitted to visit the prison, a privilege which, in Russia, in ordinary times would, we were assured, have required two weeks' negotiations. There are about 900 prisoners, most of them Red Guard prisoners taken in the recent fighting. The prison, taken as a whole, was surprisingly clean, but I should not care to be detained there. The first building we were taken to was for officers. Some of these had been fighting with the Bolsheviks, others of them were arrested on suspicion. They had either a single cell or shared a cell with one other. They were, it was apparent, permitted to keep their personal effects, watches, toilet articles, etc., and had beds with at least one blanket. As soon as the cry went down the corridor that the Governor of the prison and visitors had entered, every prisoner had to stand at attention in his cell. A few of these prisoners were questioned. Those who had been fighting with the Bolsheviks, of course, maintained that they were loyal Russians and had been mobilized by the Reds against their will; the others protested their loyalty to the Government and asked to have their cases investigated. We then entered the big building in which the soldiers and criminals as well were confined. These were in big cells marked "12 men," "20 men," etc., but I noticed that there seemed always to be about double the number of men for that accommodation. The beds were wooden planks let down from the wall, and I could not see any bedding. The building, however, was heated and most of the prisoners had warm army overcoats. The surprising feature about the Red Guard prisoners was their youth; scarcely one seemed over 20 and most of them were 16 and 17. The possibility is, of course, that the experienced troops got away and the youths surrendered. A few of these were questiond and, invariably, replied that they had been forced into the Bolshevik army and wanted to be released in order that they might serve with the Government forces. The possibility is that, in most cases, their story is correct and the suggestion has been made that, if they are not to be trusted with arms, they might be mobilized into

labour battalions for work behind the lines. There were two or three of them, however, who were men of over 30, and they all stated that they had served at the Front during the war against Germany. These made no profession of a desire to serve against the Red Guards. On the whole, the Russian prison, while not an enviable place in which to live, was, as respects sanitary arrangements, etc., scarcely worse off than the usual Russian buildings.

After lunch, I accompanied Major Cameron to the office of the Chief of Russian Counter Espionage, who took us to see first the house Stepanov on Beketovski Street (where, among others, the boy Demetri Blokhin was murdered) and then to the house at 85 Pushkinskaya Street where the Bolshevik Commission to Combat the Counter-Revolution, had their quarters.

The house Stepanov was a very large white house with spacious grounds. We were taken through the garden to what was, apparently, the cellar or basement of the conservatory. In the brick wall of this den were counted 14 bullet holes and there were very evident marks of blood on the wall and on the earth underneath. There was no floor in this cellar and the earth was in a filthy condition. The door-keeper told us that this place had not only been used for executions but also as a prison, and the prisoners were placed against the wall and shot in the presence of others.

From here we went to the house Maraeva, 85 Pushkinskaya Street, mentioned above, the third place of execution. In the wall of an upper room there were at least 20 shots. On the other side of this wall, which was ordinary lath and plaster, there was a cupboard and the door-keeper gave evidence that he had seen bodies in the cupboard and that they had been shot through the wall. Across the top of the cupboard was a horizontal bar which, it appeared, they had been tied to. On the floor of the first room there were traces of blood and also on the wall. It was said many executions had taken place in this upper room. We then went through the other rooms of the house which, apparently, had been a very handsome private residence. It was some distance back from the street and had a private drive-way. It is significant that both the house Stepanov and this house should have been surrounded with large grounds, thus preventing the scrutiny of people living in the vicinity.

In several sheds there were marks of blood and bullet holes — in two cases through the windows and it was apparent the shots had been fired from outside. One of these buildings was the bath, which is attached to every Russian house, and the door-keeper stated that, in two instances, women, whose names he did not know, had been taken into this bath, outraged and subsequently shot.

In one small shed, apparently the garage, which had a brick wall, we counted some 50 bullet holes, and marks of blood were very clear both on the wall and on the floor.

A small room in the basement was then seen. This was in an indescribably filthy condition and it had been used as a prison. There was no possible way of heating this place (remember the Bolsheviks used it as a prison in the middle of a Russian winter) and there were some prisoners, including women, who were confined there for four and five weeks. There were two or three bullet marks through the ceiling of this chamber but none was noticed on the wall. However, it was so dark as to render inspection difficult.

At this place a Russian staff officer gave Major Cameron a page from a book which had been found stuffed in the stove but only partially burned. This was a book which recorded the prisoners of the Bolsheviks at this house. The numbers were from 49 to 78. The names crossed out in red were those executed, and all but three are so marked. The dates of the execution are also noted opposite each name.

Some of the information collected during the day by verbal testimony follows. It may not be pleasant reading, but it will serve to indicate what manner of people the Bolsheviks are.

A railway official, M. Chijevski, late station master at Ufa, stated that a nephew of his by marriage, Alexander Vasilevitch Strom, was attached to the Staff of the 26th Bolshevik Division during the occupation of Ufa. His uncle asked him why he did not desert and offered to hide him when the Bolsheviks left Ufa. Strom said that he only prayed for the day when he might be taken prisoner but his mother had remained at Petrograd as a hostage in the hands of the Bolsheviks and she would be shot if they knew he had voluntarily deserted. M. Chijevski's

house was searched three times and the Bolsheviks took away his library which he had been collecting for twenty years.

The following story was given by three independent witnesses on separate occasions. At 11 p.m. on the 12th of March, the Bolsheviks arrested Elizabeta Yakovlevna Sharovkina, the widow of a lieutenant killed at the Front in 1915. She was arrested at the flat where she was living with her two children and taken to the Commandant's office and shot in the yard. She was charged with "being opposed to the Bolsheviks." On the occupation of the city the next day, March 13, by the Government forces, her body was found with four others in the yard. The corpse was found in a kneeling position, head in the snow, and covered only by a soldier's greatcoat. The body had been desecrated in a disgusting fashion. In a shed near by were found many other corpses.

A railwayman named Selisnov for some remark not in sympathy with Bolsheviks was confined in an underground cellar in complete darkness for 14 days.

The Archbishop of Ufa stated that early in March of this year in the village of Urgush, near Birsk, 48 Mussulmans were lined up and shot with machine guns for refusing to join the Red Army.

Praporschik Videnski of the armoured train "Tagil" was killed by a shell near Shingakul Station on April 1, 1919. After recovery of his body which fell from the train it was found that the stomach had been ripped up. Red Guards captured in the vicinity admitted doing this but made excuse for their act on by saying that they wished to know what food the Government's officers ate.

Smirnov, Engine Driver Instructor at Ufa Railway Shops and Warden of the Railway Church, stated that on February 26th Ipolit Vasilevitch Vasilev, previously foreman in the railway shops, was shot in the yard behind the Commandant's office. He was permitted to take away the body and, when recovering it, saw many other corpses of victims.

On March 11 or 12, just before the evacuation, Galkin, President of the Local Extraordinary Committee, got 5[illegible] workmen from workshops to join the Red Army by offering each 1,000 roubles, two months' salary for each family, one bottle vodka, two pounds of sugar and tobacco. Those who joined were the worst men in the shops and have since been annihilated west of Chishma. Many other good workmen were, at the last minute, forced by the Reds to accompany them, but these are now returning in driblets.

Peasants in the villages were very hostile to the Bolsheviks, and only with great difficulty could the Reds get them to bring flour into the city. Thus the price of flour has now dropped to 27 R. per pood, whereas under the Bolsheviks it was 100 R. per pood. To induce the peasants to bring in flour, the Bolsheviks agreed to pay them 20 R. per pood for quantities requisitioned up to 100 poods, and 30 R. for quantities between 100 and 300 poods. For quantities of 1,000 poods the price was to be 40 R. per pood. Consequently, the peasants of a village would give their flour to one man and appointed him to sell on their behalf at 40 R. In such cases, the Bolsheviks paid the man and a few days later invariably demanded from him a contribution of sometimes up to 15,000 R.

The mobilization which has been announced by the Government armies in reoccupied territories is proving a success and large numbers of former N.C.O.s who kept away from joining the Government armies last autumn are now reporting themselves. They have experienced Bolshevik rule in the meantime.

Ekaterina Egorevna Piskenova stated that her son, aged 18, still going to school, was arrested on 31st December, 1918, and detained for five days. He was then released only to be again arrested and taken to 85 Pushkinskaya Street under charge of being an agent of the Government at Omsk. Demetri Antipovich, aged 68, father of the boy, was also arrested and confined with son till January 10, when the boy was separated from the father and taken away. The father was released next day, but the boy was shot, which fact was only ascertained some time later. The evidence of the mother shows that the above charge was brought against the boy by Communists who quartered themselves in her house and had a disagreement with the boy over lodgings. The mother states that although the house was se[illegible] on several occasions each of these searches revealed nothing.

Ivan Fle[illegible] Kozlov, owner of the house, 96 Ufimski Street, states that Anna Ivanov[illegible]ryapova, aged 44, resided there with her husband and a servant as lodgers. Five days before the occupation of Ufa, her husband went to Omsk, and Madame Ziryapova remained alone. A few days after the Bolsheviks seized

the town, the flat occupied by Madame Ziryapova was searched as the Reds had heard that she had many friends who were Czech officers. Searches were made daily until finally Madame Ziryapova was taken away under escort, destination not being stated, but it was subsequently ascertained she was taken to 85 Pushkinskaya Street. Six days after her arrest Kozlov ascertained that Madame Ziryapova had been shot, without any trial or other formality. No details could be obtained. Madame Ziryapova left three children. After her execution, the Bolsheviks sent ten Red Guards to her flat who took away all her furniture, linen and other belongings. When the linen was being removed, a large crowd of women, apparently wives and relations of the Red Guards, collected and each one strove to get some of the linen for herself. The flat was then occupied by a Bolshevik Commissar who removed the ikons from the walls and threw them in the latrine where they were found afterwards by Kozlov. Michaelovitch Ageev, another lodger in the same house, confirmed the above and added that when the flat of Madame Ziryapova was searched the first time the Bolsheviks took away all her rings, her watch and 6,000 roubles.

Evidence in documentary form is submitted concerning the treatment of a tailor named Leesitski who was arrested for having sewn uniforms for officers of Kolchak's army. He was declared "an enemy of the people and a counter-revolutionist" because the Bolsheviks stated they had discovered that he worked 16 and 17 hours a day instead of 8. This tailor describes the horrors of the Bolshevik prison and begs that the world might know that in his opinion Bolshevism means destruction to the working man.

Another document submitted is the story of an invalided soldier of the late war who was arrested at Bugulma by Bolsheviks on the 12th of November and was placed in prison with three priests. He and the priests were condemned to death and were being led to the cemetery where they were to be shot when he managed to effect his escape.

Here is the substance of a statement by a peasant woman, Baskakova, concerning the actions of the Bolsheviks in the town of Elabuga. On February 13, 1918, during search of her house by Red Guards, her little daughter, five years of age, was thrown from her bed, in order that they might search for arms supposed to be hidden under it. Her husband was arrested, and also a priest named Derlov, together with his three sons, aged 21, 19 and 17. The priest was arrested because, in January, 1918, when the Bolsheviks were looting churches, he had declared in a sermon that he would not allow desecration of the "Holy of Holies" and that this would only be entered over his body. The priest was shot soon after arrest and his wife, when she came to make inquiries concerning his body, was told that he had been taken to Kazan. She later ascertained that the corpse had been thrown into the river. The priest's three sons were shot one afternoon at 3 o'clock in the presence of a large number of citizens of Elabuga. Baskakova's husband was given a trial and later allowed to go. When she attended the trial, she was jeered and insulted by the Bolsheviks. Two merchants of this town were also shot. One of them was Gerbazov. He was first placed under arrest. Each evening he was brought up and threatened with immediate death unless a contribution was forthcoming. Finally he agreed to pay all he could, which was 2,700 roubles. The Bolsheviks demanded 50,000 roubles, and, after releasing him, arrested him again the next day and eventually shot him. He left his wife and four children penniless.

Alexander Apollonovitch Fischer, who lives in a village near Ufa, presented a detailed statement of the value of goods destroyed by the Red Guard on 31st December, 1918. He estimated his total loss at 32,400 roubles and stated that, after the destruction of his property, a paper was given him by the Bolshevik Commissar to the effect that his house and property were guaranteed against pillage and destruction.

Vladimir Abramovitch Safronovitch, telegraph operator, states that on February 1st, 1919, his wife, Elena Osepovna Safronovitch, left Ufa to stay with her sisters, Anna Osepovna Fadeeva and Theodosia Chisjevskaia, who lived in a flour mill situated on the river 50 versts from Ufa. On the night of February 3rd, his wife and her sisters heard a great noise and the breaking of glass. They made an effort to escape through the back door but found it barred. A number of robbers demanded entry stating they were Red Guards and required all the money there was in the house. The money was handed over to them but the amount was found insufficient by the Red Guards who shot and killed the elder sister, Anna Osepovna Fadeeva. The statement continues: "My poor wife was then asked where the money was. She stated that, as she had only just arrived and was a

stranger in the house, she did not know, but offered them her 3,000 roubles, a sum which she and I, with the greatest difficulty, had saved during my 38 years service as a telegraph operator in the Post Office. For producing this money she was immediately dubbed a "bourgeoise" and money was confiscated, of course. In spite of her entreaties and her statement that she had a son who was a prisoner of war in Germany whom she had not seen for more than three years, my poor wife was killed by a rifle shot. The other sister, Theodosia, and the miller, their employee, were also shot. The Red Guard then placed all the movable property in the house on sleighs, and set fire to the place. Sophia Lapona and a little girl of 9, the daughter of my wife's nephew, who had witnessed these murders, only just managed to escape from the flames and to reach the village near by." Safronovitch concludes with an appeal that "the murderers deed of the Red Guards should be known in the civilized countries of our Allies who, in the name of humanity, would surely not stand for such treatment toward defenceless women, in which case their lives will not have been lost in vain."

The manager of the Peasants' Bank in Mensilinsk, M. Avaseilov, states that, in August, 1918, after the evacuation of the town by the Russian army, the town was occupied by Red Guards. Immediately after their occupation a student, aged 18, was arrested. He was led several times through the streets of the town amid the hoots and jeers of Bolsheviks and their sympathizers and was then taken to the courtyard of the convent situated just outside the town, where he was shot.

In this very same courtyard, the Mother Superior of the Convent was shot. She was seized while in prayer in the church adjoining the convent. A lawyer named S. M. Doktorov was also shot in this courtyard. There was also the case of a whole family named Zaharov being shot here, and also a family named Lapovick, consisting of father, mother and daughter. During the month of August, in this town, the total population of which is only 8,000, upwards of 100 persons were shot, for no just reason. For instance, the daughter of a butcher named Feodorov was shot only because she had given a bouquet of flowers to an officer who had previously entered the town with a Partisan (Russian Government) detachment. Her act was reported to the Bolsheviks after they occupied the town.

Sofia Iosipovna Saraisinskaia states that on the night of March 11 last, four armed men entered the flat of her mother, Basi Abadovskaia, at 53 Vavilovskaia Street and arrested her mother. Next day the daughter went to inquire of the Commandant the whereabouts of her mother but could get no satisfaction. After a two days' search the daughter found her mother's body with those of other victims left at the shed in the rear of the Siberian Bank upon the departure of the Bolsheviks. On the night of March 12, immediately before the evacuation, two armed men entered the daughter's home, 70 Vavilovskaia, and, threatening the servant, the only person in the house, with a pointed rifle, collected everything of value in the place from top coats to bed linen and took it away on two sleighs. The value of the stolen articles is from 16,000 to 18,000 roubles.

L. I. Shanvarski, member of the Polish Legion, who remained at Ufa during the occupation, states he was arrested on four occasions by the Extraordinary Committee to Combat the Counter-Revolution. He was finally condemned to death but his life was saved by the timely coming of the Russian troops. After describing various Bolshevik atrocities, Shanvarski, who submits a written statement, draws the following conclusions: (1) They are a band of ignorant people with a huge percentage of thieves, criminals and convicts. (2) The Bolsheviks are employed by the Jews whose sole ambition is to destroy the Intelligentsia, which is the brain of the nation, to destroy a sense of patriotism and religion among the Russians. (3) Bolshevism means the destruction and immediate break-up of civilization, of a people and of a nation.

It should be remembered that these cases are only the ones which were brought under notice in ONE day. The Commandant of the town inserted a notice in the paper on Saturday night that all cases should be reported to him. As we left on Monday night, the above really represent only those reported on Monday morning. Not only was there a very limited time to compile the records, but there is a natural reluctance on the part of the citizens who have suffered losses to report them, lest they should bring disaster to other members of the family residing in districts held by the Bolsheviks. Some are also fearful lest the Reds may again take the city, when they would certainly take a dreadful revenge on all who have exposed their behaviour.

There are disgusting features connected with some of these cases which cannot be written down.

When I reviewed the day, I could not but think of certain Socialist and even some more solid Labour papers in America and Canada who are constantly asserting that the "capitalistic" newspapers of the outside world do not give "the truth" regarding the Bolshevik rule in Russia. It is very fortunate for these gentry, but perhaps unfortunate for the rest of the population, that the newspapers have not given us the truth. It is practically impossible, under present conditions, for newspaper correspondents to find means of travel in Russia or to use the telegraphs, but the facts mentioned above have been telegraphed to London and some of them, if not all, will likely be given to the Press.

April 8.—All morning we have been passing through the Ural district, and it was 4 p.m. before we reached Chelyabinsk. After dinner I took a short walk through that section of the city which is near the station, but the main business portion is the inevitable three versts distant. Chelyabinsk has been the headquarters of the Czechs and there are some American Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross activities here. Typhus has been very prevalent. Here we saw the Inter-allied Typhus Train, organized at Vladivostok in January, financially supported by ALL the Allies, commanded by Capt. Dallyn of the Canadian forces (who, by the way, was asked to take it over after the American Medical or Sanitary experts had fallen down), though most of the personnel are Americans. Somewhat to our indignation, the cars are all labelled in small letters "Inter-allied Typhus Train," while in much larger letters appear the words "OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS." More will be heard of this which, unfortunately, is but typical of much of the work of our good friends south of the 49th parallel. Capt. Dallyn has himself become ill with typhus and the train was going back to Omsk.

April 9.—Early this morning the train was run out to a wayside station to permit the General to inspect some troops in training in villages. As there was no village adjoining the station, I contented myself with working steadily on the train. We left for Chelyabinsk at 6 p.m. and at 10 p.m. left for Ekaterinburg.

April 10.—At 7.15 a.m. we reached Ekaterinburg, one of the most important cities in this section of Russia. Before the war there were many English and Germans in Ekaterinburg, and it is a clean and progressive city. There are large manufacturing plants, and it is the centre of the trade in precious stones. After lunch, I proceeded to visit the city. Naturally the first place which I searched out was the white house opposite the Square in which the late Czar and his family were confined and where they met their end. It is quite a large house, built on the side of a hill which slopes down from the big square, thus the rear of the house has one more storey than the front, for the front faces the square. The house is situated on the corner of a street and at the side of the street is one of the little wayside shrines so common in Russia. At the rear of the house is a garden surrounded by a high board fence, and here the late Czar was permitted to take whatever exercise he had. I am told that, while he was there, the whole premises were surrounded by a very high board paling which prevented the occupants from seeing anything but the sky and likewise prevented any outsider looking in. The building is now occupied by the Russian Artillery Brigade H.Q. and we were permitted inside. The actual room, however, occupied by the Czar and his family and the room in the basement where the tragedy is supposed to have occurred were, however, closed and sealed by the Czechs when they took possession after driving the Bolsheviks from Ekaterinburg. It has now been ascertained that, knowing the Czechs were about to capture Ekaterinburg, the local Bolshevik leaders determined to put the Czar and his family to death while they were in their power, and it is said that, immediately following the meeting at which this decision was taken, the local Bolshevik leader led in a squad of Red Guards who compelled the Czar, the Czarina, the Czarevitch and the daughters, the Grand Duchesses, to go into the basement, where they were shot one by one, the Czar being shot last, having witnessed the murder of his whole family. Their personal attendants, doctor, Czarina's lady in waiting, etc., were also shot. The bodies were then taken to a mine-shaft outside Ekaterinburg and there burned. When General Knox was last here in November he was accompanied by Colonel Rodzianko, now with the British Mission, but formerly an official of the Court. At that time it was not known that the bodies had been burned, and for days he had the graves of Bolshevik victims opened, in order that he might ascertain where the remains of the Czar and his family were. Time after time the remains when

dug up proved to be those of some old friend or companion of his, but, of course, the corpses of the Imperial Family were not found. The Bolsheviks were, evidently, more merciful to the dog than to the family, as the dog was not shot and is now in the care of Colonel Rodzianko at Vladivostok. As I looked at the somewhat tawdry building in which the last Emperor of the Romanovs met so tragic a fate, I could not but pity the man, weak and erring though he may have been but surely more sinned against than sinning, born to the splendours of a throne which governed one hundred and eighty million souls, who, at last, vainly begged for life at the hands of the most degraded of his former subjects. Knowing the methods of the Red Guards practised at Ufa, one can imagine the life led by the four daughters of the Czar prior to the murders. After visiting this house, we proceeded to the main street, purchased post-card photographs of Admiral Kolchak and General Gaida at five roubles (50 cents) each and vainly sought to purchase photographs of the Czar's house. Meeting the train interpreter, we were taken into a marvellous shop filled with almost priceless jewels. The shop was located in the proprietor's house, and could not be found by a stranger, as there was nothing to indicate that it was a mercantile establishment. The proprietor also maintains a factory in the rear where the cutting of the stones is done. Beyond taking their gold and leaving paper money in exchange, these people seem to have been undisturbed by the Bolsheviks. The probability is they paid some of the leaders a good sum of money for immunity. Of course they did not venture to carry on business. Here I made one or two trifling purchases, and we then walked back to the train. The snow is melting and walking was very bad, so I did not go out in the evening.

April 11.—I was kept busily occupied in the train practically all day and, therefore, have nothing to report. I assisted in compiling a 3,000 word telegram reporting the Ufa atrocities and spent the afternoon getting it in shape for transmission. General Gaida is at the Front and not in Ekaterinburg, so we leave to-night for the West, ultimate destination Perm, though we are to take in some places on the way.

April 12.—We left Ekaterinburg at 6 a.m. and about 9 stopped at Tavatui, where we remained until about 4 in the afternoon. We are not taking the direct route to Perm, but going north through a great industrial district where there are many factories. The General spent the morning inspecting these factories with the view of urging that better use be made of them to supply the necessities of the Army in the way of transport wagons and other equipment. One might think that, having the Bolshevik occupation in their recollections, the manufacturers would be eager to assist in every way the Government in its attempt to put Bolshevism down, but many of them seem to be more eager to speculate in copper and iron and other raw materials, for which fabulous prices are being paid, than to use the materials in the manufacture of equipment for the Army. The plants are immense in size and manifold in their operations, but chiefly turn out products connected with iron and copper. In the evening the train was moved some versts farther north, to the large town of Nijni Tagil, and here we are to stay until to-morrow.

April 13.—As we were not scheduled to leave Nijni Tagil until 10 o'clock, Major Cameron asked me if I would care to accompany a party of officers attending Palm Sunday service in the very large church at Nijni Tagil. Accordingly we set off about 9, and were in time to witness a part of the celebration of Mass. The church is quite modern—1892—and is lavishly decorated, though in better taste than most of the Siberian churches. The walls were filled with paintings, some of them obviously copies of Roman Catholic pictures. No palms were in evidence, nor evergreens, though the hills surrounding the town were covered with them, but imitation flowers were being sold on the church steps. The steps, by the way, were packed with beggars, both men and women. A few stations north of Nijni Tagil, a branch line runs off to the north and it was this line we took, going to a little village called Lala, where are located the immense Nicoli Pavidinski Works. This is a huge plant, but is only running to a third or less of its capacity though even now it has 5,000 hands. The entire village, which was created in 1913, is owned by the Company. The houses are all built on a standard design accommodating four families each, and a superficial verdict would be that it was a happy industrial community. I understand, however, that there is a great shortage of bread and that Bolshevism has hampered the Works by continued labour troubles. At 10 p.m. we left for the South.

April 14.—All day we have been travelling through the Urals, every now and then getting a fleeting glimpse of some beautiful panorama of mountain, valley and river. The mountains are all thickly wooded with evergreens. Did I mention our passing yesterday Mt. Blaogdat, which is composed of solid iron and copper ore, hence its name, "Blaogdat," which means "the gift of God"? Late in the afternoon, we left the main railway line and travelled about 60 versts north on another branch to a little factory town similar to Lala. Here large glass-works are located. Many of the workmen are German or Austrian prisoners of war. Indeed, what cannot but impress the casual observer is the fact that, apparently, everyone works but the Russian men. It is women who do all the rough work about the railway yards, carry coal and wood, clean coaches, clear the tracks of snow, and, indeed, so far as I can see, even the maintenance-of-way "men" are women. This is less true in Siberia than in European Russia, and possibly can be explained, in part, by so many of the men having been called to the colours. Nevertheless, I have yet to see an important station where three or four hundred men in civilian clothes were not lounging about the platform. I have not, in this diary letter, mentioned the "refugees." They are to be seen at almost every station, sitting on bundles of household goods, apparently quite content or resigned (I do not know which) to sit for hours without shifting position. All ordinary travel, except the express to Vladivostok from Omsk semi-weekly, is done in box-cars, fitted up with stoves, and holes cut in the sides for ventilation. The passenger coaches are all either used for military purposes or as dwellings by railway and government officials, or have been destroyed or taken away by the Bolsheviks. It is expected that Perm will be reached to-morrow morning.

April 15.—At 6 o'clock we arrived in the important city of Perm, ound which took pla e in December last that tremendous battle which ended in the utter rout of the Bolsheviks. The Reds left 30,000 prisoners and enormous booty, including 300 railway engines, in the hands of the Siberian Arr Our train was brought to the "down town" station of Perm, for there are east three huge railway stations, all of them in excellent condition. The whole station building was decorated with evergreens following Palm Sunday. I took a very short walk in the morning, and 1 o'clock our train was transferred to another point in the railway yards in order that General Knox might inspect a factory in which guns are being manufactured. There were several hospital trains in the yard and many hundreds of wounded Russians. They did not appear to be exceptionally well cared for, but probably the best is done under the conditions which prevail. At 3 o'clock we left for the West to visit the Headquarters of the Central Siberian Corps, under Lieutenant-General Popelyaev and reached the railway station where he was located at 7.30. The H.Q. are some score versts behind the Front, so we were not under fire. General Knox inspected a remarkably fine guard of honour, who in bearing, training and equipment were a pleasant contrast to the usual Russian troops such as we see behind the lines. The evening was spent by the Generals in conference and at midnight we left again for Perm, somewhat to our disappointment, as we hoped to get right up to the front. Colonel Clarke has been ailing for some days and it was decided that he had best be taken back to some place where he could have attention by an English-speaking doctor. His illness will probably hasten our return to Omsk.

April 16.—It was decided that we should leave Perm at 11.30 a.m. and Major Cameron suggested that perhaps I would like to take a walk for a few hours in order to see the city. I did not fail to act on his suggestion. Perm, in normal times, must be a very neat, attractive city. There are many splendid buildings and they are not, as in Siberia, huddled up with wretched hovels. The shops have little in them, but the Bolsheviks who were hurried aw y did not have time to make the usual thorough job of their looting operations. Prices are extremely high and the caterers on the train are very eager for our return, even to Omsk. With meat at the equivalent of 80 cents a pound, bread 50 cents a pound, they cannot make much profit. Such shops as there were had special Easter displays of toys, ornaments, novelties, etc., as well as liberal quantities of bread covered with a special chocolate icing with various designs. Adjoining the main street, Siberski Prospect, there were two huge schools, or academies, a very fine city hall and numerous churches and government buildings. In one of the churches there was a military church parade and a battalion of soldiers were receiving holy communion preparatory to Good Friday. A great many troops were drilling in the various squares and open spaces. The streets are very dirty, but that could only

is expected at this time of year as the snow is very deep and, melting, carries away all manner of refuse. I passed the Marinski Gymnasia (High School), converted into an immense military hospital filled with wounded. On returning to the train, I found that it had been decided, in consequence of Colonel Clarke's condition, to press on right through to Omsk. Consequently we expect to be in Ekaterinburg to-night and will not likely stay long there. We are travelling from Perm to Ekaterinburg over the short line. The country is less mountainous than the longer route and has been the scene of a great series of actions between the Bolsheviks and the Czechs and Russians. The only important town between the two cities is Kungar, a straggling and very dirty place of, I should judge, about 20,000 population. Just east of Kungar we came upon a plain which was, apparently, one of the battlefields, as the trenches could be plainly seen as well as several miles of barbed wire entanglements still standing and unbroken. A few hundred yards east a mighty railway bridge had been blown up, and we crossed on a temporary wooden structure. The massive stone pillars of the bridge had been smashed and the iron-work could be seen in the water below. Have I mentioned the great river Kama at Perm? The city is very picturesquely situated on a great cliff rising from the water's edge. Just west of the city there is a very large bridge which we crossed yesterday. It is evident that the Bolshevik retreat from the city was not "a retirement according to plan to prepared positions" else they would not have failed to destroy this huge bridge, which is at least 700 yards long, having seven spans. All through the Urals we have seen traces of Bolshevik work, a factory burned in one town, the railway station in another, the locomotive shops in another. Many atrocities were perpetrated in the Perm district but we did not have time to make investigations as at Ufa, and, anyway, by this time, the trail is cold. Supplies were so scarce during the Bolshevik occupation that, were a man seen on the street smoking a good cigarette, his home was immediately searched by the Red Guard in order that his hidden hoard might be discovered and confiscated. At Perm we were only 900 versts (about 600 miles) from Petrograd and less than 450 miles to Moscow. It is hoped that before the winter of 1919 the Kolchak armies may have taken Moscow and that means the end of Bolshevism.

April 17.—We reached Ekaterinburg this morning and, Colonel Clarke being somewhat improved, it is determined to stay two days. To-day General Gaida was at lunch and was presented by General Knox, in behalf of the King, with the C.B. Surely there cannot in the war be a stranger experience than that of Gaida, a private soldier in the Austrian Army, then a volunteer in the Czech detachment of the Russian Army after having been taken a willing prisoner, later the leader of the Czechs in their retreat to Vladivostok to embark for France, then the leader in their right about face and the conqueror of Siberia, following that his resignation from the Czech forces and his acceptance of the post from Admiral Kolchak of Commander of the Siberian Army. And he is now 28 years of age. This evening I accompanied a Russian to the city, and, after the inevitable cakes and coffee, and our discovery that everything was closed, it being the eve of Good Friday, he suggested our going to the Cathedral. The immense church was thronged with worshippers, each of whom bought a candle or taper which he lit at the ikon of some saint and proceeded to carry home with him. It was a peculiar sight to see the streets, otherwise dimly lighted, filled with people carrying candles and finding their steps through the mud by the aid of its feeble light.

April 18.—All day at Ekaterinburg. Beyond a walk past the "Czar's house" I stayed at the train all day. At 10 o'clock we left for Omsk, going, not by way of Cheliabinsk, but over the direct northern route through Tiumen and Ishim.

April 19.—Again in Siberia! Very little of interest. Reached Tiumen at 10 a.m. and left at 4.30 p.m. Spring has come in Siberia as in Russia with a rush, and the fields are bare. We are due at Omsk at 10.30 to-morrow morning, and I must try to get these jottings off by the express post which leaves a few hours after our arrival.